

CATTLE KING'S CONVENTION.

An Account of a Gathering Representing More Than a Million Head of Stock.
Globe Democrat, March 28th.

At Gainesville, Tex., last week an important meeting of cattle men was held. The cattle interest of the West has grown into gigantic proportions, and is becoming of sufficient magnitude to attract the attention of Legislatures and of Congress. At the convention mentioned about 600 men gathered, who represented over 1,200,000 head of cattle, at a low estimate, \$18,000,000 in value. Mr. M. P. Buel, of Hunter, Evans & Co., the widely known live stock firm, was in attendance at the Convention, and yesterday informed the reporter of the *Globe-Democrat* that the object of the convention was to arrange for the annual cattle round-up, as it is called, and to provide measures for the protection of the different interests involved. The country represented by the delegates is bounded on the south by the Texas Pacific Railway, on the north by Kansas, on the west by the western boundary of Texas, on the east by Gainesville. This vast region is divided into districts, which are again apportioned into sub-districts. The former are presided over by superintendents, and the latter by foremen. At the round-up, which begins April 10, forces of men under the general direction of the superintendents gather up and drive all the cattle in the country named from the southern to the northern boundary, and at the ranch of every owner the cattle bearing his brand are separated from the accumulated herds and left with the proprietor. The process of gathering, driving and selecting continues until the northern boundary is reached. Each member of the association contributes to the expense of the drive, either by money, pro rate according to the number of cattle owned, or by the furnishing of drivers. The attendants at the convention, Mr. Buel says, will market this year about 300,000 cattle, which cannot sell for less than \$25 per head, or a grand total of 7,500,000, and the bulk of this vast property should, and probably will, be handled at this market. The magnitude of the dealings in the West is not fully recognized and appreciated by persons outside of the trade. In one instance given by Mr. Buel 35,000 head of cattle were transferred at one sale for \$610,000, a vast fortune in itself, and such transactions are by no means unusual.

Mr. Buel met many parties who owned from 20,000 to 40,000 and 50,000 head, constituting colossal fortunes on foot which were annually driven across the State, and at last forwarded to this and other markets. These cattle have been fed on free grass, the cost to the owner has only been the branding, handling and shipping, and this has resulted in a total expense of only 50 cts. per head per annum. The profit has necessarily been enormous, being on an average 35@40 per cent on the investment. Mr. Buel knew of one instance where a gentleman had gone to Texas in 1875 with a few thousand dollars—less than 12 thousand—and was now worth a round million.

A widespread misapprehension seems to exist as to the character, sagacity and capability of the cattle-growers. Mr. Buel said he found the delegates to be gentlemen of more than average business ability; that they were also men of integrity and good habits. He did not see one intoxicated delegate, or hear an ungentlemanly expression, or witness any reprehensible conduct.

Gainesville did itself great credit by the welcome extended to the Convention and to its visitors. A magnificent banquet was spread in the Opera House, where 400 plates were laid, and a splendid ball followed attended by all the leading citizens; many of the ladies appeared in costly attire furnished by St. Louis houses. The leading streets were lighted by pyramids of gas burners, and the occasion was made one of general rejoicing and display. The Convention passed resolutions of thanks to the inhabitants, and adjourned to meet next year at Fort Worth.

Mr. Buel said also that St. Louis sent no representation to this assembly of vast business and wealth, aside from those who attended in the interest of private enterprise. Other cities had agents for yards and papers and roads in attendance, but St. Louis, relying upon her natural advantages, was sitting supinely while trade drifted in other directions.

Protection of Sheep From Dogs.

Having recently received many letters of inquiry: "how shall I protect my flock from sheep-killing dogs," and a large majority of such queries coming from subscribers to our valuable paper, thought it advisable to answer all in one short letter through its columns. After much experimenting, the following has proven the most beneficial in protecting sheep from dogs. For a flock of from 20 to 100 and 150 head, put on from 14 to 16 bells of various sizes and tone from the common little sheep bell up to a large cow bell. It is the variety of tone and sound that terrifies the sheep-killing dog. The flock should always be so situated that they can approach the house of the landlord, through a lane gate or a gap in the fence, and if occasionally salted near the house will invariably approach it at night to sleep, particularly if disturbed by dog or person. No dog, I care not how much practice he may have had in killing sheep can be induced even under the most trying conditions, to attack a flock having from

14 to 16 bells of different sizes and tone. A dog severely pressed of hunger, may be influenced to attack a flock while lying down at rest, or silently grazing; but the moment that doleful sound of 16 bells of different size and tone reaches his ear, his tail will be seen to tuck between his legs and he is off for other quarters in a moment. Not one dog in one hundred can catch and hold a strong sheep in a run of 400 to 600 yards, hence the advantage of having a flock so situated that they can at all times approach the house, which they will invariably do when opportunity admits. For over 20 years I have kept a flock of from 125 to 200 head, and although there are many worthless sheep killing dogs around me in the neighborhood, I have not had one killed by dogs. The tenants and hirelings residing on my farm, within 100 yards of my residence, (who are prone to be dear lovers of worthless curs) often have from two to three dogs each, from ten to fifteen dogs, upon an average, on the farm, and many of them known to be notorious for sheep killing, though strange to say, yet true, they have never killed one sheep known to myself.—*Cor. Southern Live Stock Journal.*

Pike's Peak

At the summit of Pike's Peak, an elevation of 14,150 feet above sea level, there is established a United States Signal Station, with three men, two on the Peak and one at Colorado Springs, at the foot of the mountain, a distance by the shortest trail (which is the Government one) of seventeen miles. These men change places every month; one of the two men at the Peak goes to Colorado Springs, and the man at the Springs goes on the mountain and remains two months, while the man at the Springs remains but one month, as it is impossible to remain on the Peak constantly, without being very injurious to one's health, the air is so light. The pressure per square inch of surface at sea level is 15 pounds; at Pike's Peak it is only 8½ pounds to the square inch. The lightness of the air has a tendency to cause the blood to flow from the nose and ears of some weakly constituted persons who visit the Peak. It is impossible to cook rice, beans, potatoes or anything that requires a temperature over 180 degrees. After a ten hours constant boil beans were nearly as hard as when put upon the first fire. The reason for this is because water when it boils on the Peak is not so hot as it is at the sea level. When water is heated in the open air, the elastic force of the vapor produced from it gradually increases until it becomes equal to the incumbent weight of the atmosphere. Then the pressure of the atmosphere being overcome, the steam escapes rapidly in large bubbles and the water boils. The temperature at which, in the open air, water boils thus depends upon the weight of the atmospheric column above it, and under a less barometric pressure the water will boil at a lower temperature than under a greater pressure. Now, as the weight of the atmosphere decreases with the elevation, it is plain to be seen that in ascending a mountain, the higher the station, when an observation is taken, the lower the temperature at which water boils (at the station) will be. Therefore the height of any place can be approximately deduced from the boiling point of water, but such elevations are unreliable unless tested by barometrical observations.

The Groom 92 and the Bride 73 Years of Age.

Last Wednesday night a banquet was given at the residence, in South Ol City, of William Fair, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Camp, who, on last Sunday evening, were married by the Rev. J. H. Herron, D. D., of Grace M. E. Church. The groom is 92 years old and the bride 73. Mr. Camp is a veteran of the war of 1812, having enlisted in a cavalry regiment at Philadelphia at the breaking out of the war, in which he saw some hard service. His father fought in the Revolutionary war, and his grandfather who was the first of the family to arrive in this country from England, took a hand in the French and Indian unpleasantness. At the breaking out of the rebellion the Major volunteered his services, which were declined on account of his age. (He won his title of Major in the militia service after 1812.) His second wife dying a year and a half ago, he desired another partner to cheer his loneliness, he having no relatives living near him. On Saturday last he left his home at Shippensburg, Clarion County, and, arriving here, a meeting was arranged between him and Mrs. A. Rich, a lone widow, and the upshot of the meeting was the marriage the next evening. Mr. Camp is said to be in comfortable circumstances, and is quite lively for an old man; and his wife is a hearty, intelligent-looking old lady. They are deeply religious, and consider that it was the hand of the Lord that brought them together.

DURING a dearth of news in a newspaper office the office cat was jammed into the job press, and the editor immediately set up the following headlines: "Dreadful Accident! Nine lives lost!"

DURING the year 1879 80 there were exported from New Orleans 6,000,000 gallons of "pure olive oil," extracted from cotton seed, of which eighty-eight per cent. was sent to Mediterranean ports. Half of this amount went to Italy the home of the genuine olive.

CRANIAL UNEVENNESS.

Bumps and Depressions That Give Their Possessors Away.
New York Sun.

An elderly man of rotund form and pleasant face stood at ease before his library fire the other day, balancing a couple of plaster casts of human heads in his hands and whistling softly to himself. On both sides of the room were long shelves loaded with busts, plaster casts, death masks, portraits, charts and rows of grinning skulls. The elderly man is one of the best known phrenologists.

The long line of busts was headed by George Washington, on whose right was Jim Fisk, with mustache elaborately waxed. Then came Robert Burns, Horace Greeley, Peter Cooper, Dio Lewis, Charles Sumner and other well known men. Shakspeare's poetical face stood side by side with the stoical features of John Kelley, whose hair and beard were cut in waxy ringlets, giving him the appearance of a Greek god, barring the nose. Alone stood the bust of a man whose neck is so thick that it looks as though it were a prolongation of the head. It is that of "Jim Crow" Rice, who won distinction by first imitating the plantation negro.

"What do you want, sir?" the Professor asked.

"I want to know something about heads."

The Professor placed the two casts on the shelves and returned to the fire.

"Whose head is this?" asked the reporter, taking a cast from the shelf.

The head was very high at the top, or crown.

"That is Robert Owens', the philanthropist. There's gentleness and benevolence for you; it is a mild face. There is scarcely any back head. Take a man with a high top head, and you can depend on it he has good morals. "Here's Edison's head. It's very remarkable, from its size, indicating a large brain, and is particularly well developed at the seat of the constructive faculties, just back of and above the eyes. For a man with a head like this to fall on new ideas is no marvel; it would be marvelous, rather, if he did not."

The Professor then called the reporter's attention to some casts to which are attached curious bits of history.

"This one," he said, "is the head of Stephen Burroughs, an American adventurer, who led a most curious life. The number of avocations he followed is in itself remarkable. He ran away from home when he was on fourteen years old to join the army of the Revolution. Army life didn't suit his taste, and he deserted at the end of six weeks. He was next heard of as a student at Amherst college, where he figured as a wild and rebellious sophomore. He was compelled to leave college to avoid expulsion. After this he was a privateer and subsequently a ship's physician, though where he picked up his knowledge of medicine is a mystery. He left the sea and became a schoolmaster for a while, and then he took up theology and was the regular pastor of a Congregational church in Massachusetts. While preaching in the pulpit on Sundays he was detected in passing counterfeit coin on week days, and when thrown into prison for this offence he attempted to escape by firing the jail. He did not get away, and had to serve his full term in prison. After his release he went at counterfeiting again, and was for years at the head of a gang in Canada. When an old, gray haired man, he suddenly reformed and went into the Catholic Church. He tutored the sons of rich Canadians at his own home. His head is preserved as one in which certain faculties are developed in an extraordinary degree."

"The heads of murderers are nearly always wide just above their ears. It is also found that their heads are very low and flat on top. This head of Mrs. Gottfried has these characteristics strongly marked. She killed, by means of poison, her own mother, two husbands, several of her own children and three other persons. Her motive was to gain money. I find that in her case the faculties of destructiveness, acquisitiveness, secretiveness and kindred qualities were highly developed, while self-esteem and benevolence were excessively small."

"This low, brutal head is that of another murderer, who killed five of his wife's relations that he might inherit a few hundred dollars. The head of Anton Probst, who murdered the Deering family in Philadelphia, has the same characteristics, and also that of the murderer Burke, who killed people simply that he might sell their bodies for dissection."

"Are the heads of theologians all well developed at the top?"

"Not always to a marked degree. The reason is that many men are in the pulpit who are not fitted for it by nature. Many boys are bred to it, learning nothing else from the cradle."

"Do men as a rule adopt the pursuits they are best fitted for?"

"Some men do, but in many cases it is merely a matter of accident; in this way: A boy is advertised for, and a boy is sent down to take the place, not because he has a fitness or fancy for that particular position, but because his services will bring so many dollars a month. He gets a place in the paint and oil line, or fish, or hardware, or whatever it may be, and grows up in the business. If he had gone into anything else under favorable circum-

stances his chances of success would have been the same. Men are for the most part led to adopt the professions by a natural tendency. A man with an evenly balanced head—that is, with all the faculties harmoniously developed—can do one thing about as well as another. There are very few such people, however."

"Are many entirely on the wrong tack?"

"There are thousands of men struggling in fields they never should have entered, and in which they can never succeed."

"How do women's heads differ from men's?"

"They are more prominent behind, and show a larger development of the social faculties. A woman's head is seldom large and square in front, where the intellectual and reasoning faculties are situated. Once in a while a woman is met who takes after her father and has a large, square front head. The portrait on the side wall here is that of Eliza Farnham, who was an able thinker. Her head was shaped like a man's. Anna Dickinson's head is quite masculine in formation."

"Speaking of faces reminds me that a face is rarely met with which is symmetrical. One side is nearly always longer and larger than the other, so that if one line is drawn through the eyes and another through the mouth they will come together at a greater or less distance from the side of the head. Grant's and Jay Gould's faces are longer on the right than on the left side. On the other hand, the faces of Charles Fichter and Clara Louise Kellogg are longer on the left side. It's an absorbing study this, and one of which I never tire; for in what is there so exhaustless a variety as in the faces of men."

Emerson's Tribute to the Farmer.

The glory of the farmer is, that in the division of labor, it is his part to create; all trade rests at last on his primitive activity. He stands close to nature; he obtains from the earth the bread and meat; the food which was not he causes to be. The first farmer was the first man, and all historic nobility rests on possession and use of land. The farmer's office is precise and important, but you must not try to paint him in rose colors. You cannot make pretty compliments to fate and gravitation, whose minister he is. He represents the necessities. It is the beauty of the great economy of the world that makes his comeliness. He bends to the order of the seasons, the weather, the soil and crops as the sails of the ship bend to the wind.

He represents continuous hard labor year in and year out, and small gain. He takes the pace of seasons, plants and chemistry. Nature never hurries, atom by atom, little by little, she achieves her work. The farmer ties himself to Nature, and acquires that living patience which belongs to her; he must wait for his crop to grow.

His entertainments, his liberties and his spending must be on a farmer's scale, not a merchant's. It were as false for a farmer to use a wholesale and massy expense as for states to use minute economy.

He has a great trust confided to him. In the great household of Nature the farmer stands at the door of the bread-room and weighs each loaf. It is for him to say if men shall marry or not. Early marriages and the number of births are indissolubly connected with an abundance of food. The farmer is a hoarded capital of health, as the farm is of wealth, and it is from him that the health and power, moral and intellectual, of the cities come. The city is always recruited from the country. The men in cities, who are centers of energy, the driving-wheels of trade, and the women of beauty and genius—are the children and grandchildren of the farmer, and are spending the energies which their father's hardy, silent life accumulated in frosty furrows. He is a continuous benefactor. He who digs a well, constructs a stone foundation, plans an orchard, builds a double house, reclaims a swamp, or so much as puts a stone seat by the wayside, makes the land so far lovely and desirable, makes a fortune which he cannot carry away with him, but which is useful to his country long afterwards.

Who are the farmer's servants? Geology and chemistry, the quarry of the air, the water of the brook, the lightning of the cloud, the casting of the worms, the plow of the frost. Long before he was born the sun of ages decomposed the rocks, mellowed the dry land, soaked it with light and heat, covered it with vegetable film, then with forests, and accumulated the sphagnum whose decays make the peat of his meadow.

"JOHNNY, have you learned anything during the week?" asked a father of a five-year-old pupil. "Yeth'm." "Well what is it?" "Never to lead a small tramp when you hold both bows."

In what condition was the patriarch, Job, at the end of his life?" asked a Sunday school teacher of a quiet looking boy at the end of his class. "Dead," calmly replied the quiet looking boy.

OF over 760,000 square miles of timber lands in this country, the South owns 460,000, or nearly two-thirds. They will be sources of wealth in a few years to an extent little dreamed of at present.

In the Thirty Years' War the population of Germany was reduced from 80,000,000 to 40,000,000.

THE SCOURGED SOUTH.

Rev. W. H. Black Says It Has Been Visited by War, Pestilence and Flood that the Union May Be Cemented.
From the Globe Democrat.

Rev. W. H. Black delivered an eloquent sermon in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, yesterday morning, upon the flood which is at present devastating the South, taking as his text:

"But as the days of Noah were, so shall also the coming of the Son of man be."—Math. xxiv. 37.

After taking up a collection for the benefit of the sufferers by the flood, the pastor said:

Although unparalleled in the history of this country, the present flood is but the merest suggestion of the greatest flood of history, the one that inundated Western Asia in the time of Noah. The cry of distress coming to us from the desolated region by every channel of communication appeals strongly for aid. Our sympathies are aroused by stories of whole families living upon knolls and rafts, exposed to the inclemency of the rudest weather, and harassed by multitudes of pestilential insects. Again, the food runs low, and when but a pittance is left, father and husband, courageous and manly say:

"Children, wife, take eat; we are the strongest, and can do without food for a few days, when, perchance, success will arrive."

The mother, choking with emotion, accepts the situation; but does she eat the food? No! she divides her share among the crying little ones, and waits with the men. Will a woman eat when a man is starving? Never so long as she is a woman. The appeals are strong also from the eyes and abject appearance of every dumb brute which stands hungry and emaciated upon every elevated spot.

Is there no rest for the South? A few years since devastated by war, anon the scourge of fever, and now the more desolating flood. Perchance the end is not yet. A malarial pestilence, it is predicted, will follow the subsidence of the waters. The chasm of difference plowed by the engines of war are being fast filled with the tears of sympathy for subsequent sufferings. Fraternal feeling began in the panic of terror caused by the devastating fever. The sad end of our late President still further developed the spirit of amity, but seemingly the Union was not yet complete. God said:

"I will make the Union perfect through suffering and sacrifice," and He has sent the flood. Perfect through suffering, there seems to be no other mode of reconciliation. Bitterness and malevolence can only be washed away with tears. Christ was the first to teach us to "weep with those that weep" and to develop within us the golden thread of sympathy.

The lesson, then, to be learned from the suffering of the South, is, first, the influence of Christianity in the cultivation of sympathy. Second, such things are necessary in order to remind men of the fraternity of the human family. It is the boast and pride of this country that here all mankind are recognized as a brotherhood. An opportunity like the present serves as a means of showing whether the boast is an idle sentiment or a portion of our character. It says, Here are men sick, hungry, homeless. If they are your brothers, give unto them that of which they stand in such sore need. Again, such calamities are necessary in order to remind many that God is, and that He is the ruler and governor of all. Men are ever so full of themselves and their earthly plans that they neglect the claims of God. Then trials and sufferings come and call a halt, and out of the flood and the pestilence men cry:

"Help, Lord, or we perish! Deliver us, and we will evermore praise Thee!"

At times nothing but storms and hardships and trials will loosen the scales from the eyes of the recreant sinner, and it is indeed a blessing that God has in his laboratory the necessary engines for the accomplishment of his purposes of mercy and grace. Finally, man may learn from these floods that it is useless to talk about building the levees after the overflow has commenced. You must prepare for war in the time of peace, and for flood in the time of drouth.

Some day each one will be terribly anxious about his soul; will feel that the waters of death are about to overflow; will feel the chilly waves of eternity lashing against the shores of time and the waters rise higher and higher. Then they will want the levees built up. Then they will say:

"Oh I am in danger. The waters of eternity are swelling about me, and I have made no preparation for the overflow."

Then comes the cry:

"Help—up with the levees!" But it will be too late. All will be washed away as the waters rise; the crumbling levees and frail rafts of good works will not avail against the waters of death, and you will be lost—lost forever! Now is the time for preparation. While the heavens are clear and the storm distant, prepare for the swelling of Jordan.

Dallas has ten miles of water mains, and 50,000 gallons of it are daily consumed by the citizens.

At the opera in London a gentleman sarcastically asked a man standing up in front of him if he was aware that he was opaque. The other denied the allegation, and said he was O'Brien.